

PRESIDENT WILSON HURLS FIRST BALL IN OPENING GAME OF BASEBALL SEASON



President WILSON TOSSING BASEBALL FROM GRANDSTAND... PHOTO BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

Washington, April 16.—President Wilson and 15,556 other spectators saw the Senators trim the Yankees in the opening baseball game of the season here. As is customary on occasions such as these, the chief executive of the nation tossed out the first ball. He evidently had developed a "Charles horse" in his right arm, because instead of throwing it to Johnson he hurled it to Umpire Evans, who was standing in front of the presidential box. President Wilson laid aside all the cares of state, both here and abroad, and took an afternoon's outing. He reached the ball park in company with several administration officials and Secretary Tamm at 2:40; posed for his picture before the moving film cameras and listened to the band play a national anthem. He explained the plays as they came up to one of the women who sat beside him. Those accompanying President Wilson were Miss Helen Woodrow Bones, Mrs. Norman Galt, Captain C. H. Grayson, U. S. N.; young Mr. Meade and Secretary to the President Joseph P. Tumulty. Tumulty is seen seated at the right of the president.

ROMANCES OF THE RING

True Tales Of Hard-Hitting Heroes Of
The Past And Present
(WRITTEN FOR THE FARMER)

It was a July day in 1820, and the English village of North Walsham was thronged with eager, excited, loud-talking and hard-drinking men. From all over the eight little islands they had come, some in magnificent equipages bearing the trade mark of the nobility; conveyances of all sorts, then known, thousands of others in coaches and thousands more on horseback and on foot. The taverns and "pubs" were packed solidly with perspiring, shouting, gesticulating humans, and the supply of liquor refreshments was consumed early in the day, leaving North Walsham as arid as the Sahara.

As the day advanced the crowd descended the village streets and a new and an immense concourse of 30,000 humans, about a ring pitched in an open field. In this arena, under the blazing sun, two of the greatest gladiators of England were to do battle for the right of succession to the title soon to be laid down by old Tom Cribb, now in the here and yellow fear, and unable longer to defend the honors he had achieved in many a pitched battle with the naked fists.

Tom Oliver, the great battler of Buckinghamshire, who had abandoned the peaceful occupation of a gardener to try his fortunes as a bruiser, and Ned Painter, the boni-face of anchor inn in Lobster Lane, Norwich, were the combatants. Painter, after having defeated Tom Spring and thus made himself the real champion of England, had married a Quaker maiden and settled down as a tavern keeper. He had promised his father-in-law never to fight again, but Oliver's arrogance from Oliver's backers so aroused his ire that now we see him again pulling off his shirt and facing his old enemy.

Short but fierce was that contest staged in the open field, beneath the Summer sun. Hammering away at each other with fists like flails, now one now the other, gained an advantage, while the great crowd roared. Soon it was apparent, however, that Ned Painter was the master, and in the twelfth round he landed a blow on the neck that sent Oliver down, unable to arise. Wild cheers greeted Painter's victory, and his friends carried him away on their shoulders. When Oliver recovered he became the object of taunts and jeers, and some declared loudly that he had sold the fight. It was not true, for poor Oliver had wagered every cent he possessed on the result, lost his public house, and was forced to take a humble job as keeper of a skittle alley. Painter returned his Norwich tavern, and this time he kept his promise to his Quaker bride, and never fought again. Poor Oliver took part in several battles after that, but was always defeated.

In the crowd of spectators at that contest not one was more enthusiastic and interested than a lad of seventeen who had contrived to gain a vantage place near the ring where he could observe every move and every blow of the gladiators. The bout was of nature a birthday celebration for the youngster, for he was seventeen on the very day that Painter triumphed over Oliver. George Henry Borrow was the name of this lad, and he was then a student at Norwich Grammar School.

Young Borrow's parents proposed to make a solicitor of him, and afterward entreated him to a firm of legal luminaries, but from that day George Borrow nursed ambition to become a bruiser. He did become an accomplished amateur boxer, and although he never realized his desire to become a professional pugilist, he was the life-

long friend and companion of boxers. In the course of years Borrow achieved the title of "King of the Vagabonds." He wandered gypsy-wise over England, Spain and Portugal, often living with the gypsies, and never missing a chance to see a prize fight. Borrow died in 1881, leaving behind as a heritage some of the greatest books dealing with travel, romance and adventure ever written. "Lavengro," "The Romany Rye," and "The Zincali," now rank as classics, and Borrow is classed with Cervantes, Defoe and LeSage.

Although he witnessed many battles of the prize ring, Borrow never forgot that contest between Painter and Oliver, and his description of that battle in "Lavengro" is the classic of the prize ring. In his latter years the "King of Vagabonds" lamented the passing of the old heroes of pugilism and the coming of the commercial era of the ring in language that deserves to be repeated: "I have known the time," wrote this staunch defender of British bruisers, "when a pugilistic encounter between two noted champions was almost considered in the light of a national affair, when tens of thousands of individuals, rich and low, meditated and brooded upon it, the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night, until the great event was decided. Pugilism was then at its height, and consequently near its decline, for corruption had crept into the ring. And how many things, states, sects among the rest, owe their decline to this cause? But what a bold and vigorous aspect pugilism wore at that time! And the great battle was just then coming off. A day had been decided upon, and the post, a convenient distance from the old town of Norwich, and to the old town were now flocking the bruisers of England—what were the gladiators of Rome, or the bull-fighters of Spain, in its palmy days, compared to English bruisers. Pity that corruption should have crept in among them—but of that I wish not to talk; let us still hope that a spark of the religion, of which they were the priests, still lingers in the breasts of Englishmen."

"There they come, the bruisers, far from London, or from wherever else they might chance to be at the time, to the great rendezvous in the old city; some come one way, some another; some with tip-top reputation come with peers in their chariots, for glory and fame are such fair things that even peers are proud to have those invested therewith by their sides; others come in their own gigs, driving their own bits of blood, and I heard one say: 'I have driven through at a heat, the whole one hundred and eleven miles, and only stopped to bait twice.' Oh! the blood horses of Old England! but they, too, have had their day, for everything beneath the sun there is a season and a time. But the greater number come just as they can contrive—on the tops of coaches, for example, and amongst these are fellows with dark, sallow faces and sharp, shining eyes, and it is these that have planted rottenness in the core of pugilism, for they have only filthy lucre in view."

"So the bruisers of England are come to be present at the great fight speedily coming off. I think I see them now upon the howling-green—the men of renown and hundreds of people of no renown at all, who gaze upon them with timid wonder. Fame, after all, is a glorious thing, although it lasts for only a day."

Newspaper Workers Invited To Review Submarine Pictures

Following the private showing this morning for the critics of Bridgeport newspapers, Manager Poll has arranged another private exhibition of the Williamson expedition submarine pictures for tomorrow afternoon at Poll's theatre.

Tomorrow afternoon, Mr. Poll's guests will include all the newspaper employees of the city. The whole list from the "devil" up to "the old man" have been invited to be present with their wives or sweethearts. Prof. Pierce's excellent lecture will accompany the pictures.

The public exhibition of the pictures is at Poll's, the first half of next week. Capt. Simon Lake, head of the Lake Torpedo Boat Co., and a party of friends will be guests of Manager Poll at a box party in Poll's Monday evening. Capt. Lake has manifested an extreme interest in the submarine pictures and has accepted Manager Poll's invitation to occupy a box.

On Tuesday evening, the department heads and office force of the Lake Co. will be guests of Mr. Poll at a theatre party. It is expected there will be about 40 in the party.

SONS OF ST. GEORGE

CARNIVAL ENDS TONIGHT

With the last night of an eight day carnival in prospect tonight, the biggest crowd of the week was anticipated for the Sons of St. George carnival at the State Street Casino to witness the distribution of a large number of exhibits this evening. A crowd that could hardly be accommodated in attendance at the matinee session this afternoon and thoroughly enjoyed itself, much interest being manifested in a sale of needwork.

Special features were arranged for both the afternoon and evening, although the main attraction for tonight is the distribution of the exhibits, which include an automobile, a miniature electric railroad, "Made in Bridgeport," by Mr. John Knight; a handsome combination gas and electric dome; a violin; a large variety of gifts furnished for the carnival by the women's lodges, and numerous other articles. Winterburn's orchestra will furnish the music for dancing.

As far as could be learned today the carnival has proved itself a fine success. During the eight days of merry-making thousands have been interested and amused at the Casino, the various evenings' programs have been greatly enjoyed and with the closing tonight, the carnival will literally terminate in a blaze of glory.

William A. Law, former vice president of the First National bank of Philadelphia, succeeded J. Tamm Lee, resigned, as president of the institution.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, who was operated on at Roosevelt hospital is improving rapidly, according to her physician, and there is every prospect she will be able to return to Oyster Bay within a fortnight.

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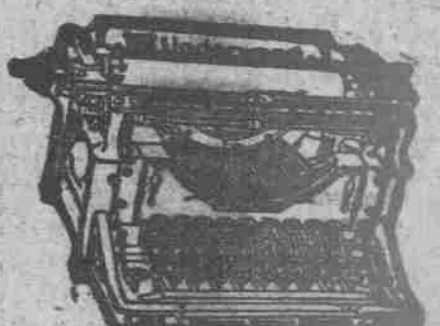
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